

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

Map Showing the Nuisances Daily Contaminating Croton Lake and Its Tributaries.

This section shows a portion of a historical map. It includes labels for several locations: "M" at the top center; "S. Brundige" and "P. Hostead" below it; "Cyrrus Mills" in the center-right; "A.D. Sixman" and "W. Sukman" to its right; "E.H. Hild" and "T. C. Robinson" further right; and "J. Finch" at the far right. The map depicts terrain with contour lines and some buildings or structures near the settlements.

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A detailed map of the Gold Coast (Ghana) showing the coastline, major towns, and rivers. The map is oriented with North at the top. Key locations labeled include C. Wright, A. Gambia, Elephant Head, SUMMERSTOWN, GOLDEN BRIDGE, D. SPOT, W. de Haan, A. Told, and C. Wright H. Mead. The map also shows the Gulf of Guinea and the Atlantic Ocean.

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The map presented contains the names and accurate locations of the property holders, or, more strictly speaking, owners of the soil, as they are known to the inhabitants. There exists no very accurate survey in diagrammatic form of the district; the Croton Water Department is in possession of the latest, which is in no sense more complete than the NEW YORK HERALD'S. The land, as therein subdivided under the proprietors' names, is in some instances held by the tenants of the persons who actually own the ground. It however retains frequently its proprietary title, and being better known thereunder is so designated. The black spots upon the face of the map indicate the openings or mouths of drains leading from the houses and shanties around to Croton Lake. They are likewise significant as being the places where cesspools are numerous, plague spots frequent and deposits of vegetable matter abundant. They are the most filthy receptacles of barnyard refuse, and in many instances, as hereinafter shown, the outlets of slaughter houses, pigpens and worse places. Not a stream that flows into Croton Lake at any point visible on the map is free from the taints marked.

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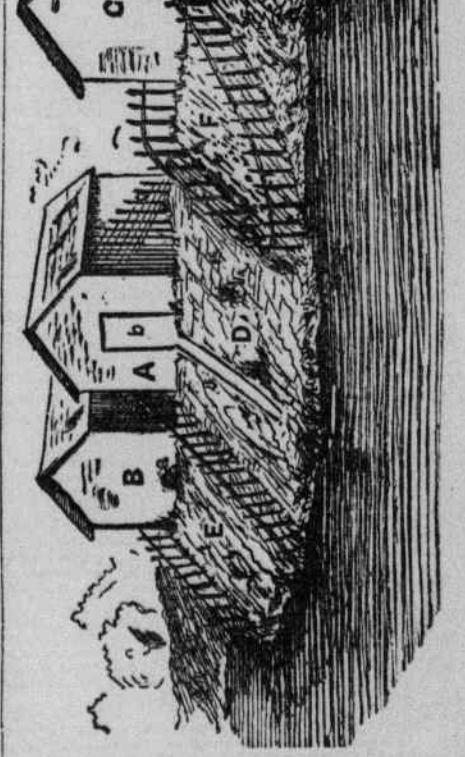
THE FEVER AND AGUE.

All summer and fall, and although he had not been taken down by the fever, he felt feverish (as he said) since first he had the misfortune to put his foot in the "curse'd place." He could not afford to move from the place, and he was afraid to go out, for he might as well, for all the good he was able to do, owing to the expense entailed upon him by the ill health of his family. He knew that the place was one of the worst in the city, and that it was the worst Croton Lake that fed New York with water. He would not drink any of it for the few cents of the house, and he was sure that many of the other persons in the neighborhood suffered as he had done, nor could he tell whether they had been stricken with the fever or malaria, or some of the region, and he supposed that was because they had been there and were accustomed to the atmosphere. At all events, there was good reason for the condition of the lake. "I don't know," he said, "whether it is the water or whatever you like to call it, from this to Wood Bridge, is little better than a marsh. It is full of miasmae which will do you no good if you drink it. It will run down to the aqueduct and dam, but if it does it doesn't seem to budge. Then, again, look at all the little drains and streams that flow into it every day, and you will see that it is a very filthy place, and around those weedy lands. Not one of them is good for anything. They are choked here and there with weeds and brush, and the water is very filthy. I know Bedall's Mills and every shanty and farmhouse along the stream. I am going to get out of it as soon as I can, and I don't know where to go. I don't know if Croton Lake, indeed! Fine water the people of New York get out of it, if they don't know it. I don't know it. This conversation took place within full view of Prince's Bridge, which is a little more than one mile from the mouth of the aqueduct, and a short distance above the hotel, boarding houses and other buildings which are situated on the shore of Croton Lake. The man's statement was borne out by his own appearance. He looked like a man who was even then suffering from the fever. His face was yellow, his face livid, and he dragged his body after him, as if one who had just run from an act of sickness. He said he was not his wife but over her had the fever and ague before he was taken down, and he said he was only too willing to leave it if he could.

From the group of buildings at Wood Bridge, nearly opposite to Whitlock station, on the New York and Harlem Railroad, Croton Lake runs but a short distance. It is of the same character until it reaches the point where it is crossed by the railroad, where it is the property of principal feeders. There, of course, owing to the rapidity of the current all these impurely laden discharges are carried down the river to Katonah again. At Katonah the Cross River winds round the westerly direction and on its banks are built many of the houses of that village. The water loses its character of purity, and is now loaded with refuse and again. Naturally enough, drains and rivulets, tainted with the filth of dwellings, flow into it and help to deposit the refuse in the stream. The water now follows up the line of the Croton River, on which are to be found the worst instances of nuisance, occasioned by the erection of privies and slaughter houses on its very banks. The water is now so filthy that it is fit for nothing more than a country stream of respectable dimensions winding through meadows, between hills, rocks and trees. It is now and again, by drains into which are poured the filth of the houses, the contents of stables, pens and houses. It is an active, swiftly flowing current between Katonah and Purdy's station, reaching the latter place in about half an hour from the dirty waters of the little mill stream that flows from it at this point, and also from a dirty little creek which is much, and may have been out to drain into Katonah, but is known to flow into the Croton station, however, the Croton River is subjected to a new trial, which, while it may not be directly a positive nuisance, is certainly a source of great annoyance to the milk shop¹ or factory. It is known here by the name as "Howe's Condensed Milk Shop," and while it constitutes a model of cleanliness and cleanliness and not actually a source of the pollution River, it doubtless in a small degree is the cause of refuse and dirt to infect the stream. From this point to Croton River, the water flows rapidly down the river serves the farm yards and cattle as it does all through the county, and is fed by innumerable rivulets, which are nothing more or less than drains or sewers

WHITLOCK'S SLAUGHTER HOUSE.
At Croton Falls perhaps one of the worst samples of the kind of sloughing and rotting that has been said before, is the main tributary to the great reservoir wherein is drawn the water which is drunk in the city of New York by hundreds of thousands who maintain their homes in the city and suburbs on the springs rising in the mountains of Westchester and Putnam counties, wends its way down a gently sloping bank, and is collected in a series of small, shallow, footing steep hills or banks surmounted by barn and squatters' dwellings, toward Purdy's station, where is the condensed milk shop ruled by Will Whitlock, a man of the most unscrupulous and the most poisonous pestholes stands—Whitlock's slaughter house. It is situated on a low promontory with a steep descent toward the city, and a steep ascent toward the reservoir. The place is a mass of filth, filth passage and checking its tendency southward, and the little cipe, akin to the many others there before described, here for foundation a few roots, tree stumps and gravel, and a few stones, and a few boards, and a few bricks, and a kind of repository for vegetable matter and general refuse washed from the outhouses and privies and borne down the hill, and the filth and refuse and the water, rot and decay in the hot summer months under the sun's rays that pour down between the hills all day long. In one field mass it lies just on the water front of Whitlock's slaughter house, and the water is stirred up by the ooze and drip from the hog pens and blood shoots rising gradually above it. The result is that the water is a mass of filth, and the filth is a mass of water and decomposed filth, laved by the ever current river which bears momentarily onward toward Croton Lake particles of corruption and muck to poison the liquid and the air.

Nothing can be more easily understood than a diagram, or an accurate ground plan of Whitlock's slaughter house, and the river bank at Croton Falls is here furnished—



This group of wooden buildings stands about twenty feet above the river with their yards and drains upon and dripping down the short slope to the river. A is the first house, a small one-story affair, with a chimney from which the blood is allowed to flow from the skin baste. D is the slope from the slaughter house to the river, lined with a row of small wooden buildings which hide a number of oaf and other refuse. B is a hogpen well stocked; E is the slope on which the brutes wallow and founder; F is the river that washes away the blood and the refuse. The buildings are built close and by the cape that bulks it and forms the basis of the slope there existing. Now a word or two of description. The slaughter house is built on the summit of a steep point about twenty feet above the level of the river. It has a board floor, roughly laid and full of interstices opening on to the side of the slope, and the blood flows down the slope, and is caught in the fatal blow is struck and the blood of the beast flows it oozes between the boards and drips down the side of the enclosure, where are also other bastes awaiting the knife. The buildings are built close together and of other animal manure. In the hogpen and enclosure reaching to the water's edge, pigs grunt and wallow, and the stinking blood is seen to flow down the old jaws and heads stripped of their hides and a dead calf, stinking and scarcely recognizable. Now, be it remembered, every rain washes this horrible scene down the slope, and the blood is carried to the river more disgusting. Care has been taken to cut little drains through the mass here and there to insure that it will be carried off into the Croton. The water then to Croton Lake. The slope from the buildings to the river was simply a mass of heap, sogg, and blood and the water was so thick with blood that the water level around it were stained with blood, the slopes of a dark crimson dye and the shores around covered with decayed vegetable matter of all kinds. The water gurgling upon toward to Croton Lake, a slow mass below.